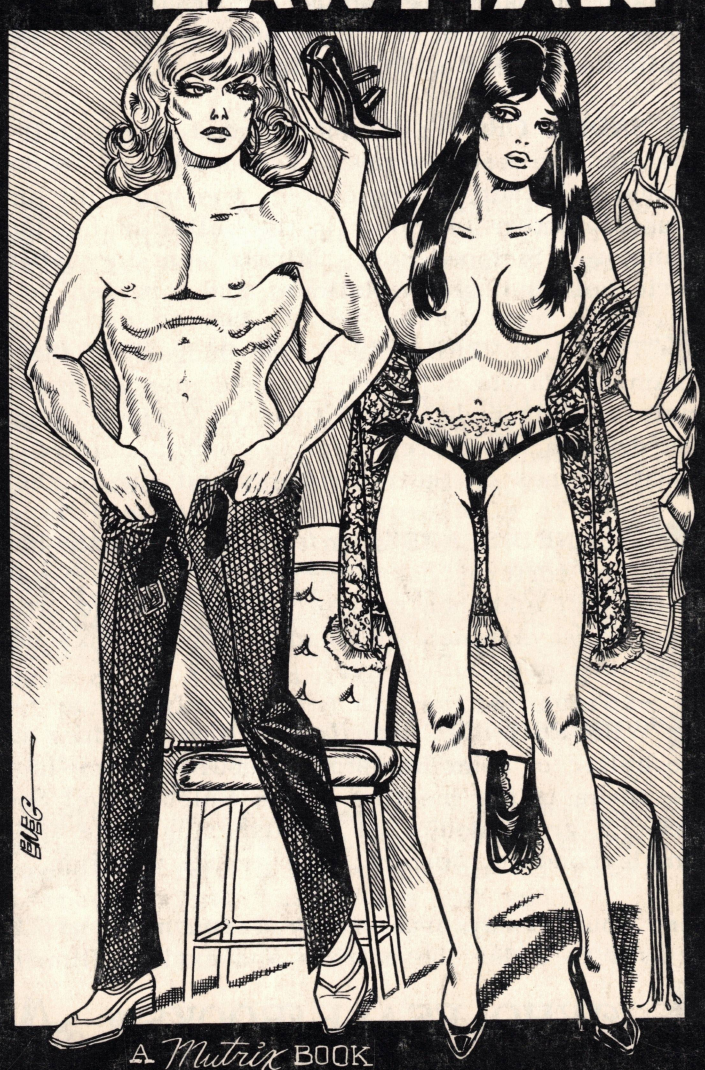
Transvestite LAWMAN



A TOUGH COP DISCOVERS HIS WEAKNESS FOR GIRDLES AND LACE, AND A PRETTY FACE - - -

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"THE TRANSVESTITE LAWMAN"

by

One of the reasonks that Harold was so effective as a detective was that he didn't look at all like the usual picture of a cop. Instead of being a big,bullish, thick-necked fat-bellied man,he was rather slight and short, with blonde wavy hair and a baby face.

He had been with the city police force for several years and by intelligent hard work had risen to be a plain-clothes detective. Because he looked so little like a minion of the Law, he was especially effective in working on cases involving women. Whenever the suspected criminal was female, whether it involved prostitution, blackmail, robbery, drugs, obscene performances, Harold could usually get to the bottom of the case and quickly bring the criminal to justice. He seemed particularly good at getting confessions from his female prisoners, which made it easier to get quick convictions.

During a major shake-up of the Police Department, it came out that Harold's methods of interrogating female prisoners and of getting evidence against them, were not only highly illegal but were actually sadistic. Harold was so sure of his value to the forces

of law and order that he proudly admitted to his superiors that he enjoyed torturing and abusing girls who were in his power, and that this was one of the secrets of his success. The Law said that criminals should be caught, and he caught them, so why should anyone be fussy about how he accomplished it?

When an official inquiry revealed the details of how Harold had treated suspects in his power, the Police Department had quietly dropped him from its roster, hoping that the extent of his illegal activities against girls he picked up in his official duties would never be revealed. Harold felt shocked and betrayed that the official authorities did not back him up in his extra-legal manner of working. Who cared if he gave a few broads a bad time?? He brought in suspects and enough evidence to convict them, didn't he? And besides, it was a lot of fun to make the broads perform for his cruel pleasure and then hold still while he threw a rough bang into them before bringing them in and booking them at the station house.

When he found that the Police Department really would have nothing to do with him because of his methods of operating, Harold had to find some other work. The only thing he knew and was good at was being a detective, especially where it involved the seamy side of life. So he went to work for a private detective agency that specialized in getting evidence for divorce cases. The boss of Investigations Unlimited knew Harold's background, and hoped that the new employe' would be as effective in digging up evidence for divorces as he previously had been in his work for the Police Department.

For his first case as a private investigator, Harold was assigned the job of getting evidence against Mr. John Trimble, a very wealthy local businessman, whose wife suspected that he had a mistress. It was not that the present Mrs. Trimble really loved her husband; she just wanted plenty of ammunition so she could get maximum alimony when she sued him for divorce, claiming adultery.

It took two days for Harold to track John Trimble to the apartment of his mistress, and from here on Harold knew from many previous cases how to handle things. Five minutes after John Trimble left the apartment following a visit of about an hour, Harold was ringing the doorbell.

A female voice asked who it was, and Harold called that he was delivering flowers. When the door opened he quickly stepped inside and closed the door behind him. The name on the bell had been Nancy Johnson, and Harold found himself facing a big blonde girl wearing a filmy negligee' over what was obviously a very lush young female body.

Before she could recover from her fright Harold flashed a badge and said sternly, "Babe, you're in a pot of trouble, and I'm the only person who can keep you from going to jail for about ten years. I'm a detective, and if I haul you in for prostitution, you'll end up doing a long stretch behind bars."

Ignoring her angry protests, Harold began a casual search through the large and well furnished apartment. As she followed him into the femininely furnished bedroom he noticed a small roll of money on top of the vanity-table.

"A hundred bucks," he sneered, picking up the money and stuffing it in his pocket. "You sure are peddling it for big dough. Maybe we can make a deal so I don't have to bring you in and book you."

"I'm no whore. That's a present from my steady boy-friend," protested Nancy wildly. "What are you doing here? Get out right now before I call the police."

"I am the police," announced Harold. "Or at least practically the police. I'm here to get evidence against you for hustling. Now do you want trouble? Or are you willing to go along with me and stay out of jail?"

As Nancy started to protest further, Harold grabbed the front of her diaphanous negligee' and ripped it off her body, leaving her standing naked and cowering before his lecherous stare. Now he grabbed one of her wrists and twisted it cruelly up behind her back so she yelped in pain. He thrust her forward till she was bending over the back of a low modernistic chair, the chair pressing against her belly while her buttocks stuck out flagrantly displayed in the immodest pose and herhead pressed down to the chair-seat.

"That's a cute pose for a cute broad," Harold sneered, stepping back to view her exposed pelvis. "Now use your hands, without getting up, to show me the parts of you that your customers pay to use. Show me your hole. Spread it open with your fingers. And if you beg me nicely to throw a quickie into you there, maybe I won't have to haul you in this time. I'll be back again every few days for another sample of your hospitality. Hurry up. I haven't got

time to waste on dames like you."

Nancy realized that she had no chance of successfully resisting this cruel man, so she slowly reached back and began spreading open her shamefully displayed vulva. From her bent-over pose she could look back between her spread legs, and suddenly she saw another pair of trouser-clad male legs enter through the bedroom door. She was about to scream, when she recognized the suit that her paramour, John Trimble, had been wearing when he had left her only a few minutes before. Obviously he had come back for some reason, and had entered the apartment unheard.

"Come on, you lousy cheating dame," grunted Harold as he opened his fly and pulled out his stiffening member in preparation for the coming rape. "Open it up so I can do the only thing you broads are good for."

"Please don't do this to me," wailed Nancy, hoping to keep Harold's attention so that he would not notice John's presence. "Please leave me alone and just go away. I haven't done anything to hurt you."

"Shut up your complaining," snarled Harold, advancing sohis hardened shaft was pressing against Nancy's displayed crotch. "I've got you in a bind, and you know it. This will be just the first of many little parties we'll be having together. You're cute enough for me to want to use often. And be sure to wiggle your butt around when I get in, so I'll get the best ride possible this first time."

Harold was just about to ram his long thick hard lance into his victim's body when

suddenly he saw a brilliant shower of shooting stars and then all the lights went out. John had picked up a heavy vase, advanced a few steps, and brought the vase down violently on the top of Harold's head. The detective collapsed limply onto the floor as Nancy raised herself from the chair and threw herself into her lover's arms.

"He claimed he was a detective and was going to arrest me for loving you," sobbed Nancy hysterically. "Then he said if I let him do it to me he would let me free. And then he pushed me over the chair, like you saw."

John quickly established that the fallen man was still alive, and then went through his pockets for identification. The handcuffs in Harold's pocket were used to shackle his wrists behind his back, when it was established that the man was not a police officer, but in the employ of a private agency.

"Probably someone put on my trail by my wife," decided John thoughtfully. "We'll fix him so he won't be bothering us any more."

Using wire coat-hangers from the closet, Harolds ankles were securely fastened, widespread, to the ends of a heavy radiator, rendering him helpless. Now Harold slowly began to regain consciousness, and immediately started to threaten his two captors, expressing in the vilest terms his hatred for and violent antagonism toward all women. They were no-good trouble-makers, useful only as receptacles for men's carnal passions.

In a few minutes John telephoned the Investigations Unlimited office and inquired about Harold. After listening to a description

of the detective's background and abilities, John said that Harold had decided to drop the case he was now assigned to, after talking to him, John Trimble. John also suggested that the agency should not assign another man to the case, since John had no intention of paying the bill, no matter what his wife may have told the agency.

Next John called the local Police Department and from the Commissioner, a personal friend, got the low-down on why Harold had been dropped from the department. Now John and Nancy went back to deal with Harold who was sitting helpless on the floor, angry at his humiliating failure and alarmed at what would happen to him next, his open fly now framing his limp sagging genitals.

"He seemed to hate all girls so," said Nancy, clasping her negligee' protectively around her body. "Even when he was about to rape me, he was enjoying hurting and humiliating me."

"I heard about him doing those things, from the Police Commissioner," said John slowly. "He's always sadistic toward girls and mistreats them whenever possible. He feels that women are some terrible low form of humanity and he loves to abuse them."

"I know what we could do to punish him," said Nancy thoughtfully. "Since he hates all girls so, we could transform him into a girl. We'd make him wear girls' clothes and act like a girl in every way. If only we could be sure he'd obey, and not start fighting us when we untie him."

After a moment's thought, John said, "I think I know how we can keep him under control. Go get the Polaroid camera I gave you, and a long piece of strong cord. We have him completely in our power now, and we'll keep him helpless until we have enough pictures of him to make sure he stays obedient."

Taking photos of every stage of their activities, John and Nancy now went about insuring Harold's enslavement. While John held the prisoner's hair to keep him from moving, Nancy used heavy scissors to cut away his trousers and undershorts. Then Nancy held Harold's head while John securely knotted one end of the cord around Harold's exposed scrotum.

Giving light tugs on the cord to hold the captive's attention, John said, "You seem very proud of being a virile man. If I pull on this cord, it will hurt you badly, and if I pull hard enough, it will castrate you. Are you willing to obey us, or would you prefer to start talking soprano?"

Harold was babbling wildly, begging for mercy and promising anything if they would not emasculate him. Taking photos at frequent intervals, Nancy now used her scissors to cut away all the clothing from his upper body, so that he was now sprawled naked on the floor, his wrists in his own manacles, his feet wired to opposite ends of the radiator, and his gonads held tautly extended by the tensed cord.

"He's not much taller then I am," said Nancy. "I'll get one of my baby-doll nighties and he can wear it. That ought to make a good picture of what kind of man he really is. I'll put a wig on him, and some lipstick, so we'll have photographic proof of his being a transves-

tite swish. His friends and all the cops will be glad to see their former pal in his true character."

Within a few minutes Harold's hands had been released from the handcuffs and his feet from the radiator. At all times John stood ready to jerk strongly on the genital-leash so Harold dared not offer any resistance. He was being forced to pose for the camera in many different ultra-feminine poses, wearing a long wig and obvious make-up, but always still recognizable within the disguise. The pictures were taken from angles that did not show the cord which so completely enforced his total obedience.

By the time that John had to leave, both he and Nancy were convinced that Harold was resigned to his temporary feminized slavery. John took the dozens of pictures with him as insurance of Harold's continuing good behaviour, and promised to return in a few hours.

As soon as he was alone with Nancy, Harold began apologizing for his former cruel behaviour toward her and begging her to release him from this terrible transvestite slavery which was so shaming to his exaggerated sense of his own virility. Nancy ignored all his pleas for mercy, even as he had ignored hers a few hours before. Instead she kept smiling at how silly and embarrassed he looked wearing the shortie night-gown, wig, and make-up.

She made Harold stand in front of a full-length mirror and look at his shamed body, telling her in detail what he was seeing. She kept the genital leash in her hand as a warning of what would happen to him if he showed any sign of resistance to her authority.

When John returned after dinner that evening he was startled to have the door of the apartment opened for him by a strangely familiar female form. He quickly recognized Harold within the feminine disguise which had transvesticized him into a fair imitation of a girl in most significant details.

"I made him shave off all his man-type hair before I dressed him up like this," Nancy explained happily. "Keeping hold of this leash sure keeps him docile and obedient. He's afraid I'll yank his manhood right out by the roots if he gives me half an excuse. I'll let him show you what a nice girl I've turned him into. If he was a man now, I'll bet he'd be having ideas about abusing himself sexually and giving himself a really hard time. I even call him Harriet now. Go ahead, Harriet and show this real man how well I've transvestized you into an attractive girl, the kind you hate so much."

John watched with gloating interest as Nancy led her slave around by the genital leash and made him perform. Harold/Harriet was blushing in shame and hating every second of this exhibition, but he had to obey. He tossed his head coquettishly, making the hair of his wig swirl and bounce seductively, and showing off his glamorous cosmetic make-up for the amusement of his critical audience.

Then he smoothed the bodice of his form-fitting dress over breast-like bulges on his chest while Nancy explained that she had padded a bra for her slave to wear. Then Harold/Harriet stood with his hands coquettishly on his hips and writhed his pelvis in a bizarre mockery of feminine allure. Finally

under Nancy's orders, he turned to face the watching couple for his ultimate humiliation.

While twisting and squirming his hips like some exotic dancer, he reached down and took hold of the front hem of his fairly short dress. Only then did John realize that their prisoner was wearing a pair of Nancy's high-heeled shoes jammed on his feet and glamorous sheer nylon hose on his shaved legs. With his eyes alternately lowered in shame and glaring in suppressed anger, and his complexion beet-red in humiliation, Harold/Harriet began raising his skirt up along his legs.

He was shaking unsteadily on the unaccustomed high heels, and quivering with impotent rage as the skirt rose along nylon-clad thighs. Still higher, bare flesh was exposed and taut black ruffled garters could be seen straining upwards to hold his stockings wrinkle-free. He pulled the hem higher and suddenly his set of male genitals was fully revealed, with the leash hanging down from his encircled scrotum.

Now he had the skirt up around his waist and both John and Nancy laughed derisively at seeing his hairless organs quaintly framed beneath a ruffled garter-belt and between the taut elastic garters. In his terrible humiliation at their laughter, Harold/Harriet started to lower the skirt to hide his shame, but Nancy reached threateningly for her end of the leash, to stop him. The transvestite captive was made to go stand in front of the full-length mirror and study the extent of his transformation and slavery.

John and Nancy watched and commented

sarcastically on the success of their revenge, gloating over the plight of their sadistic enemy. Then John said that he had an important addition to make to Harriet's body as insurance that he would never try to escape from his feminized servitude.

With Harriet still holding up his skirt to reveal the shamed symbols of his true sex, and with Nancy holding the attached leash to insure his docility, John knelt before their victim with a metal object in his hands. He carefully explained to Harold that it was a very expensive special padlock, made of case-hardened tough steel, and with a complex, one-of-a-kind key. John was going to snap this bizarre fetter around Harold's scrotum, in addition to the present leash. Once in place, the padlock could only be removed by the use of its special key, which would never be brought to the apartment. Without the key, it would require many hours of work with a hack-saw to cut off this genital fetter, a task that would require help for the wearer because of the position of the lock which would prevent Harold from working on it effectively himself.

As the lock snapped powerfully shut around his scrotum, Harold realized that his immediate future, and possibly his whole life, were uncontrollably in the power of these understandably vengeful pair. From this second on, anyone who ever saw him nude would instantly know that he was someone's helpless slave , with no personal control of his own over his body or its basic needs and urges.

To further confirm Harold's menial and slavish condition, photographs had been taken of his present plight at every stage. Not

only did these pictures, by their very existence, prove his slavery and his enforced transformation into a hated girl, but if the photos ever became public knowledge, he would be laughed out of town and made a pariah forever.

Before John left the apartment that evening, Harold/Harriet was prepared for his first night as a transveticized personal servant of the girl he had so brutally tried to rape. With pictures taken at each stage of the procedure, he had to remove the dress he had been wearing. Still wearing the leash, as well as the padlock, he had to put on one of Nancy's frilliest and most gossamer baby-doll pajama outfits, including the tiny tight panties. The top of the filmy nylon set bulged out over the false breasts created by the padded bra he was wearing, and the crotch of his dainty panties bulged out where his male genitals and their heavy padlock were massed between his thighs in futile uselessness.

He was made to kneel before the heavy iron radiator along one wall and his own handcuffs were used to shackle his ankles to this immovable anchor. To make sure that he got no rest during the night, his leash was pulled tightly up between his buttocks and fastened to the upper part of the radiator. This meant a continuous strain on most sensitive tissues and kept him kneeling, with no chance to lie down. To tempt him and stimulate his unrelieved male desires, Nancy stripped right before him and went to bed in the nude. Intentionally she left enough light on so that he had to stare at her lush female form all through the long night with no chance to use her delectable body as he had expected to.

The next morning, after a restful night of sleep, Nancy rose, bathed, and dressed in full view of her frustrated and helpless slave. She wore a form-fitting jumpsuit of shiny gray satin which outlined in gleaming fabric her whole delicious female body so as to further tease Harold with a continuous sight of what was being denied him. She had asked John to bring some special items to use in their vengeance on Harold/Harriet, but in the meanwhile she would select from her own wardrobe articles for him to wear to prove to the utmost her ability to force him into transvestism.

Nancy released the steel manacles from her prisoner's ankles and had him stand up, still bound to the heavy radiator by the short scope of his genital leash. It was evident to both of them that if he staggered or fell he would quickly emasculate himself. She had him remove the top and panties of his baby-doll sleep-wear, and she giggled derisively at his useless genitals. She got a long slender cane and deftly poked his male member until it stirred into partial arrousal, so she could overtly gloat at his enforced impotence under these bizarre circumstances.

Now she handed Harold a small legless pantygirdle and insisted that he put it on. He started to protest that such a feminizing garment was not for him, and that this one was much too small for him. Nancy did not deign to argue with him. Instead she swatted him briskly up between his thighs with her long limber cane, and Harold quickly began to obey under the stress of this terrible agony. Slowly he dragged the small elastic garment up his legs, and with great effort finally got it up over his hips and about his waist.

The vengeful simplicity of Nancy's choice now became evident. Not only did the panty-girdle clasp his hips too tightly, but it also cinched in his waist to more feminine contours. And worst of all, it compressed all his masculine organs up tightly into his crotch, exerting a steady painful crushing effect on all those tender tissues. His member and scrotum were forced against themselves and against the encircling steel padlock so that Harold was never free of intimate torment.

She handed him a set of sheerest nylon pantyhose and watched while he awkwardly worked them up his legs and about his tightly encased pelvis. This gave a slimmer more feminine shape to his legs, making his transvestism more believable for all concerned. Wearing his wig and the fully padded brassiere, Harold did indeed look as if he was Harriet as she made him stand before the mirror and study his disguised body. High heeled shoes which were much too small for his feet, added further to the illusion that he was a girl posing in her exotic underwear.

To complete his transvestite masquerade Nancy handed him a very short minidress to wear as outer clothing. It took some struggling on his part to get the dress zippered up and properly adjusted to his figure, and then Nancy released the genital leash which had been binding him to the radiator. At her command he staggered clumsily over to the mirror and stared in horror at the newly created Harriet. When he seemed reluctant to act out his assumed femininity by moving and posturing before the mirror to emphasize his seductively girlish appearance, Nancy thwacked him sharply across his girdled rump with her cane. Then she

brought the slim cane up briskly between his thighs, so it landed with painful vigor on his imprisoned and compressed glands. Instantly Harold was begging her to take it easy, and Harriet was performing as required.

The dress was of royal blue velvet and fit fairly well even though Harriet was of a bigger frame than Nancy. The extremely short skirt was fairly loose about Harold's thighs, with the result that at almost every step or movement his feminine pantygirdle was exposed, accenting his femaleness. This was especially true when he bent over forward, for the skirt rode up, displaying his buttocks and crotch with the bulge of his imprisoned male organs visible in the center.

Frequently Nancy used her cane to poke and jab at this anatomical vestige of his former randy masculinity, whenever she had to punish him for disobedience. This emphasized her complete authority over her captive, for he was afraid she might do serious and permanent damage to his natural maleness.

For most of the day Nancy kept her maid-servant busy with household chores, punishing him severely for every error or mistake. Late in the afternoon, when the time for John's arrival approached, she began working on the last-minute details of Harold's transformation into Harriet.

First she supervised his application of bright red nail-polish on both his hands. Then she had him wear a gaudy jingling bracelet, attracting attention to each of his enforced feminine movements. Then came long dangling ear-rings of the same brilliant blue as his dress. A brooch of similar hue nestled demure-

ly between the thrusting hemispheres of his false breasts, drawing attention to those false symbols of his changed gender. And finally Nancy devoted considerable time and expertise to applying make-up to his face.

Foundation cream, powder, rouge, eye-shadow, and lipstick, all deftly applied, modified the more rugged masculine outlines of Harold's face, softening them and glamorizing them until Harriet had an attractive and truly feminine visage. So effective was this facial metamorphosis that Nancy thought Harold was going to burst into tears of shame and frustration when he was forced to inspect his completed appearance in the full-length mirror.

Casually Nancy tapped him sharply up between his legs, rapping his glands painfully, as she remarked, "And when we get around to removing all this completely, instead of just hiding it, you'll look even more like a girl than you do now. And we'll work out a way so you can be used as a girl, whenever some man feels in the mood. You'll like that, won't you Harriet?"

Fortunately John arrived just then, or Harold might have fainted dead away from fear about the future of his vaunted masculinity. John was accompanied by two deliverymen who carried a long thin wooden box, almost like a coffin. He also had a large suit-case, and told Nancy that it contained many of the items she had requested. The long box was placed on the floor of the bedroom, and then John tipped the men and they left.

Now that he had a chance to inspect Harold/Harriet carefully, John was very pleased

with the feminizing transvestite results that Nancy had achieved. The delivery-men had accepted Haroldasbeing a girl, so the transformation was effective to strangers. To prove the point, Nancy now had Harold go through his whole repertory of feminine gestures and motions, walking with exaggerated swinging of his hips, sitting to show a maximum of nylon-clad legs,(including his much-too-tight pantygirdle), fluttering his mascaraed eyelashes coquettishly, using girlishly limp-wrist gestures, and even talking in falsetto with a lisp.

To Nancy's disappointment, John now told her that he would be unable to spend the evening with her, as he often did. He had an important business dinner-meeting, and then he had to go home, for his wife was getting even more suspicious than usual after hearing that the private investigator had dropped her case. Nancy promised him that by the time he returned tomorrow evening, she would have new changes in Harriet to show him, and new transvestite adventures to tell him about.

When they were alone, Nancy ordered Harold to go to the kitchen and immediately prepare dinner for her. His own meal he would have to eat in the kitchen later, under her dominating supervision. Just as he started off obediently, she changed her mind and ordered him into the bedroom to change into a feminine costume more suitable for his duties.

She had him remove the lovely blue velvet dress and carefully hang it up in the closet. Then she had him bring out from a special section of her wardrobe a short flaring skirt of polished black leather. It was a full-circle skirt, not cylindrical in form, with a broad

waist-band that cinched Harold's middle in very tightly when he put it on. The hem of the skirt hung in smooth full folds that flared out at his hips, and again his painfully constricting pantygirdle could be seen beneath the skirt whenever he moved his legs.

For his upper body, he wore a black leather bra, well padded to give him the proper feminine outlines, his skirt and bra making a shiny black contrast to his pale skin. Pinned to the tip of each bra-cup was the top of a dainty, lace-trimmed apron which hung down to cover the front of his skirt, accentuating his duties as a maid in the household.

Nancy strictly supervised his preparation of the meal, correcting his many mistakes by giving him brisk blows across his buttocks and thighs with her long limber cane. Then she was served in regal solitude in the dining-room while Harold stood by awaiting further orders. He tried to accept passively his new role, but the appearance and duties of being a slave and a girl rankled deeply in his heart. He had always held all females in such profound contempt that being transvesticized into a girl was almost more than he could bear.

When she had finished eating, Nancy had her servant push all the left-over scraps onto one plate which was put on the floor in the kitchen. Then while she stood menacingly over him brandishing her welt-raising cane, Harold had to get down on his hands and knees on the floor and lick up his food from the plate without the help of his hands. This servile and undignified pose thrust his butt out into exaggerated prominence, his girdle-encased ass-cheeks bulging in display, with the compressed hummock of his genitals centered in the tempting target.

To shame and harrass her captive, Nancy kept swatting and poking at his bottom with her long cane, making sure that the blows which did not leave burning red streaks on his buttocks did land painfully on his imprisoned genitals. It was a most painful and humiliating meal for Harold, and he was thankful when he had finally licked the plate clean.

Eventually it was time for bed, and Nancy made Harold help her undress. Under these conditions of enforced intimacy with the gloriously beautiful girl and her lushly provocative body, Harold's male member started to swell in reflex anticipation, even though he knew he had no chance of any carnal reward of any sort. He had to help her slip a long pink satin nightgown over her head, and then use his own hands to caress the sleek fabric to make sure that it fitted her thrilling curves to perfection.

In preparation for his nightly ordeal of transvestite torment, Harold was ordered to remove his apron, bra, leather skirt, pantyhose, and even the tight pantygirdle which had been crushing his loins all day. Now Nancy snapped his handcuffs onto his wrists and then securely wired the center links of the manacles to the padlock which encircled his scrotum. This held his hands right at his male member which immediately began to swell under the stimulation of her exotically exposed feminine body. This embarrassed Harold, especially when Nancy hit his male symbol with her cane, pointing out to him that he was now a girl and should not react like that under any conditions.

Now she had him stand at the foot of

the big bed, facing it while she securely fastened his ankles, wide-spread to the legs at the foot of the bed. Thus he would be held in a sensuously stimulating pose all night and forced to watch in futile frustration her superbly desirable, satin-clad form as she slept.

She viewed him in his shame for a moment, remarking that he did not look much like a girl, the way he was being transformed, even though his hands did hide the last remaining evidence that he had once been a man. His wig and make-up made him seem somewhat effeminate, but a good imitation of a girl would have breasts to prove it, even when she was otherwise naked. So Nancy would have to do something about this problem.

From the big suit-case which John had brought, she got a pair of foam-rubber falsies. Through the pert nipple of each of these ersatz breasts she pushed a long sharp needle. Kneeling on the bed in her shimmering, form-fitting satin nightie, facing the naked and helpless man, she now pressed the false breasts onto his chest, driving the point of the needles deep into his small vestigial but sensitive male nipples. Harold winced and groaned at this painful attack on his body, but Nancy ordered him to leave these feminizing additions in place to improve his appearance.

Now she lay down on the bed, studying her feminized captive with amusement as she slowly drifted off to sleep. For his part, Harold kept looking down at his chest where the added breasts seemed to mark the final stage in his loss of manhood under the vengeful domination of this beautiful girl. All his normal male urges and desires were being perpetually

frustrated and denied , while his appearance was being continually feminized by girlish clothing and painful modifications of his masculine form. He could even envision castration as the ultimate end of this process.

When she awoke in the morning, Nancy lay idly staring at her exhausted, shamed and suffering prisoner as he still stood in his bound nakedness at the foot of her bed. Then she slowly arose and went to the bath to bathe and start her preparations for the day. When she reappeared she was wearing a bra-and-pantie set of white nylon with pink flowers centered over each nipple and at the base of her belly.

She released Harold's feet from their wide-spread bondage to the bed-legs and then unfastened his wrists from their attachment to his permanent scrotum padlock. As she led him to the long coffin-shaped box which had been delivered the previous evening, Harold noted that its top lid was in several sections, each a foot or so wide and hinged at the side.

When it was opened he saw that the interior was molded into the general shape of a human body, and now Nancy ordered him to lie down in this form-fitting coffin. Was she planning to bury him alive? He hesitated, but a threatening gesture from his all-powerful Mistress forced him to obey. As she closed and latched each section of the lid, Harold found himself tightly enclosed and hardly able to move a muscle within the stringent confines of the box.

When she was certain that her prisoner was completely helpless and unable to resist whatever she planned to do to him, she opened a short part of the lid that covered his face and head. He could see out and he could breathe

easily, but he could not even move his head due to the form-fitting interior. Nancy went to the big suit-case of supplies and returned with a small bottle and a hand-sized gadget that ended in a sharp needle.

She sat on the box where it covered his chest, dipped the needle into the bottle, and aimed it at his lips. Suddenly Harold realized what she was doing. She was tattooing his lips a brilliant red, giving him permanently the bright crimson lips found on desirable girls. In spite of the acute pain of the needle jabbing into his sensitive lips, she continued to work on him until his mouth was a vivid kissable red bow of carnal enticement. His struggles did no good and only increased the pain of the rapidly piercing electric needle which was injecting crimson pigment into his quivering flesh.

When she had finished, Nancy surveyed her work with satisfaction and then closed the section of lid over his face. Now she opened the part of the lid which covered his genitals and studied this portion of his anatomy for a while. Speaking as if to herself, but loud enough for her captive to hear, Nancy said, "I haven't got the right colored ink now, but soon I'll get some black, and tattoo his male member that color all over. Then if he ever tries to use it in a girl again, she'll think he has some loathsome disease there, and won't let him touch her."

Within his snug coffin Harold shuddered at this future tragedy to be inflicted on his body. The only good thing about her words was that they indicated that she did not plan to castrate him, and that he might some day be allowed to go free from his present slavery.

But Harold's ordeal for the morning were not yet finished. Nancy now opened the part of the coffin-lid that covered his chest. She fondled the foam-rubber falsies that adorned his masculine chest, making sure that the needles piercing his real nipples were still holding the synthetic breasts in place. This flimsy fastening would not work if Harold, as Harriet, was to wear clothes and walk around. Some better and more secure way of fastening them to his body must be worked out.

From a drawer of her vanity-table Nancy got a spool of heavy pink thread and a curved needle like an upholstery-needle. Harold could not see what she was doing, but soon he began to feel sharp stabs of pain on his chest, as Nancy began sewing the edges of the foam-rubber false breasts onto the flesh of his chest. He writhed and groaned as much as he could within his tight-fitting coffin, but she completed the job with no trouble. Now she was ready for the main event of the day, - dressing her captive up in complete transvestite costume and taking him for a walk in public, while providing a maximum of worry and embarrassment for him in the process.

As soon a he seemed to have calmed down a little, she released him from the imprisoning box and ordered him to go take a shower and give himself the most complete and closest shave possible. Harold seemed more shamed and shocked at finding life-like breasts firmly affixed to his chest, and not physically hurt at all. He kept looking at them and gently feeling them as if to re-assure himself that they really were there as proof of his increasing feminization.

When he emerged from the bath a little

later, Nancy was pleased at his appearance. In addition to his added breasts, his lips were an exciting brilliant red and were so swollen from the tattoo-pricks that he had a very sensuous pouting look, as if begging to be kissed, making his whole face superbly seductive even at first glance.

For underwear she gave him a bra-and-pantie set of bright red to put on. He winced as he adjusted the bra about his chest, for each movement in that area not only jabbed his male nipples with the original needle-fastenings, but also dragged on the recently applied stitches into his skin. The bikini-type panties were not only small in area covered but also extremely tight, to hold his male organs and the padlock snugly up into his crotch.

Next he was given a waist-cinch and garter-belt combination which stringently compressed his middle to give him a more feminine outline in contrast to his hips and chest. When the waist-cinch was finally fastened around him Harold found that he had difficulty breathing and experienced strange hot sensations all through his torso. Thin black nylon hose on his legs were held taut by the garters making his masculine limbs seem slimmer and more feminine.

For his feet Nancy provided knee-length white leather boots with heels so high that her transvesticized captive found himself walking almost on tip-toe. He had become somewhat accustomed to walking in normal feminine heels during the days of his captivity, but in these exaggerated footgear his balance was extremely unsure and his feet very uncomfortable. The enforced position of his feet canted his whole pelvis, slimmed his ankles, and made him walk

with exaggerated movements of his hips and clenching buttocks.

For his upper body Harold now had to put on a thin white silk blouse which clung lovingly to the boldly out-thrust curves of his well-filled bra. The false nipples of the sewn-on foam-rubber falsies probed arrogantly against the light-weight fabric, and jiggled enticingly with every jolting step occasioned by his bizarre shoes. This was a thrilling sight for any male observors, but a source of continual torment to Harold in his impersonation of Harriet, for the jouncing movements kept straining the many stitches in his flesh and moving the needles which penetrated his own nipples.

After putting a longer than shoulder-length wig on his head, Nancy went to work with cosmetics, giving his face an appearance that emphasized the sensuous pout of his swollen red tattooed lips. Long dangling red ear-rings were so tightly screwed onto the lobes of his ears that Harold felt as if the flesh were being pierced slowly in preparation for the other type of ear-rings.

The final item of this exotic transvestite costume was the skirt. This was quite short and flaring, almost mini-length, and it had a tapered slit up the front. The edges of the slit were several inches apart at the mid-thigh hem, and came together at the waist. This meant that Harold's bright red tight panties were visible most of the time, like very brief and snug hot-pants, attracting all eyes instinctively to what seemed to be the core and target of his professed feminine allure. His male genitals were tucked so far back between his thighs, as long as his member stayed

flaccid, that the lump visible through the slit in the brief skirt seemed like only the passion-swollen lips of a female's hot pudenda.

While Nancy took time to dress herself for their excursion outside, Harold stood in front of the big mirror studying his grotesquely extravagant appearance. Not only was he obviously feminine in every detail of manner and bodily form, but this frankly erotic femininity was blatantly displayed in a most immodest manner for all to see. He shuddered at having been thus transformed into such a sexy charicature of a boldly seductive girl. Would any real girl ever willingly expose herself in public in such an outfit, designed solely to attract carnal attention to herself?

For herself, Nancy had selected a much more conservative and modest costume for their walk. A simple conservative dress and a minimum of make-up and accessories were sufficient for her, offering a bizarre contrast to the exotic outfit worn by her companion.

Just as they were leaving the apartment, Nancy gave Harold a shiny plastic bag with a long shoulder strap. From his former experience as a detective and cop on the Vice Squad, Harold realized that his appearance would identify him instantly as a prostitute or hustler to anyone at all familiar with such girls. He wondered if Nancy was intentionally taking him out to be arrested and humiliated by the Vice Squad, his former buddies. If they caught him masquerading as a sexy girl, and found out he had been completely enslaved by a girl, they would ride him unmercifully and treat him with total contempt for the rest of his life.

As soon as Harold and Nancy got to the street, he began to feel intensely fearful of being found out in his transvestite masquerade. No matter how he tried to explain that he was not doing this willingly, he knew that no one would believe him. And even if they did, it was equally humiliating to have been enslaved by a mere girl, a girl he had unsuccessfuly tried to blackmail and rape.

At every step in his monstrously high heel he felt as if he was about to fall flat on the sidewalk. And from the way his hips and buttocks were waggling around, he was sure that the attention of every passer-by, both male and female, was concentrated on his exaggeratedly sexy manner. As he glanced at his reflexion in store-windows he knew that his tiny red panties were exposed at each stride, as if he was purposely displaying his most intimate feminine area for all to see. The way his false breasts jiggled and bounced with the jarring steps from his high heels, made him sure that he was creating an obscene display of himself, in addition to the fact that this rythmic bouncing on his chest was intensely painful. It was a terrible blow to his masculine ego to be forced to imitate a girl so completely, but if he was ever caught at it, the humiliation would be unbearable for him.

Nancy was leading them into a part of town which Harold knew from his past experience on the Vice Squad, was a favorite haunt of the cheaper prostitutes, and a fertile hunting-ground for detectives as well as ordinary men who needed a woman to satisfy their base urges. Soon he was able to spot other obvious hookers strolling idly along or standing expectantly in the doorways of cheap hotels and rooming-

houses. He kept his eyes demurely on the sidewalk so as not to be noticed or possibly recognized. This terrible transvestite penance being inflicted on him made Harold sincerely sorry for the cruel habits toward girls which had brought this punishment upon him.

Suddenly Nancy stopped and said, "Wait here in this doorway for me for a minute, Harriet. I'm going to walk up to the corner and buy a pack of cigarettes. Don't move until I return, or I'll have to punish you."

Quaking in abject terror, Harold cringed in the indicated entrance. He suspected that only Nancy's conservative appearance had kept him from being picked up by a Vice Squad detective so far. He knew that he looked much more suggestively dressed and much more blatantly seductive than most of the real prostitutes he had seen during their walk. Being arrested and having his real identity reveald under these terrible circumstances seemed about to happen any moment. Finally he saw Nancy returning and he was able to heave a sigh of relief that he had survived her absence without tragic discovery.

As the pair of female figures strolled toward a slightly better part of town, Harold thought his heart would stop when he heard a masculine voice say, "Hello, girls. Would you both like to have a drink with me and my friend here, so we can get a little better acquainted?"

To Harold's horror Nancy replied, "I think that might be a very nice idea. Harriet and I would be delighted to accept your invitation for a drink. Where shall we all go where we can be cozy and get to be friends?"

"There's a hotel right down the block," said the taller of the two men smoothly. "We can all have a drink in the bar while we get acquainted, and then see what happens."

The shorter man took Nancy's arm while the taller, more aggressive man walked beside Harold, (transvesticized to Harriet). Now his hand slipped intimately around Harold's waist and he said, "I could tell just by looking at you that you'd be friendly and a swinger, Harriet. That's some outfit you're wearing. It sure shows off everything a man likes to see on a girl."

Harold smiled weakly and thanked him for what he evidently considered a compliment. Then the stranger added, "How about your friend? Is she a swinger too? She looks so modest and prim, sort of, compared to you. I know I picked the right one of you two. We'll have us a real wild time together after we have a few drinks to make us all feel friendly. And you won't lose by it either. I'm very generous with girls who go along with things I like."

They all now entered the third-rate hotel and headed for the cocktail lounge. Harold's companion picked out a booth that was secluded and dark at the back of the room, and all four ordered drinks. Immediately Harold felt the man's knee nudging him suggestively, and then saw Nancy glaring, as if commanding Harold to accept the man's attentions. Soon the man's hand, under the table, was lightly caressing Harold's nylon-clad knee.

When their drinks were served, all four toasted each other, and Harold felt further activity from the man's hand on his thigh.

When he reached down to remove the groping fingers, Harold felt his own hand grabbed and drawn over into his companion's lap. He could feel the fir m bar of the man's erect organ,and Harold looked with alarm across at Nancy who seemed aware of all that was happening.

Nancy smiled, nodded affirmatively, and silently mouthed, "Go ahead. Do what he wants." as she took a sip of her drink. With reluctant obedience Harold let his fingers grasp the throbbing member. The man now reached around Harold with his free hand, drawing him close and tentatively feeling the firm bulge of Harold's synthetic breast.

After another sip of his drink, the man reached down and quickly released his member from his trousers, so Harold was confronted with the job of fondling the rigid bare shaft in the man's opened fly, while his own feminized chest was being caressed by his demanding companion.

Mean while Nancy's less aggressive date was being successfully repulsed and kept at a distance, allowing Nancy to enforce her domination of Harold's behaviour.

"I knew we'd all make out just fine together, once we got acquaited," said Harold's partner, pumping his hips to show that he wanted more action from Harold's hand. As he obediently stroked the rigid erection with one hand and sipped his drink with the other, Harold wondered how he would ever manage to get out of this horrible predicament without being exposed as a transvestite. Nancy seemed determined to get him into impossible positions of utmost embarrassment.

Now Harold felt the man's penis stiffen emen more and his hips were heaving frantically, his breath coming in gasps. To bring this terrible farce to an end, Harold jiggled his hand more vigorously, and within seconds he felt the flood of a surging emission all over his hand and fingers. Quickly he wiped his hand as well as he could on the hanging edge of the table-cloth, and drew away from the slowly relaxing man.

Nancy Smiled gloatingly across at her feminized slave, enjoying to the utmost the ordeal she had put him through, symbolically emasculating him by having him engage in sexual activity with another man.

Now Harold's companion, having calmed down a little from his ejaculation, said, "I have to go to the john. Excuse me, I'll be right back."

"Do you want Harriet to go with you?" asked Nancy with a wicked gleam in her eyes. "Maybe she can help you, somehow?"

"No, thanks. She already has helped me a lot," replied the man. Then he said to the other man, "Why don't you come with me, Bill? We can stop at the desk and arrange for a room for all of us."

As the two men left the table and disappeared toward the lobby, Nancy quickly grabbed Harold's hand and they rose, heading for a side door from the bar. Once they were safe in the street, they walked quickly away from the area, such haste being very uncomfortable and awkward for Harold in his exotic costume and bizarre footwear. It had been a horrible and humiliating experience, but at least he had

escaped discovery so far. But even as they fled from the scene of his recent shame, Harold was keenly aware that every man who saw him surveyed his exposed body with obvious carnal lust and desire.

As they neared home, Nancy asked casually, "How did you like playing with another man's tool, Harriet? For a sexy-looking girl like you, it must have been fun."

"It was awful," replied Harold, nearly exhausted from worry and coping with his high-heeled boots.

"There are other ways you could make a man shoot his load," suggested Nancy archly. "Since you are such a sexy-looking broad, always exposing your feminine charms to excite men, maybe you'd prefer to let a man use you sexually in some other way. I could probably arrange that for you."

"Oh, no. I couldn't stand that," said Harold in mounting horror at this suggestion.

"And how about your own urges?" asked Nancy. "Does dressing up like a boldly passionate girl keep you from wanting to have your own ashes hauled?"

Harold was silent for a moment, trying to figure out how best to answer the question. Then as they turned into their apartment building, he said, "I haven't had a chance to get relief for quite a while. But dressing like this makes me think I'll never get a chance to do it to a girl as long as you keep me dressed up like this."

"That's pretty smart thinking on your

part," Nancy told him seriously. "But maybe I can work out a way for you to get your load off soon. It won't be ideal, from your point of view, but it should be better than nothing. I'll think about it."

In the apartment, Nancy ordered Harold to remove his slit skirt, his blouse, and his red bra-and-panties set, in preparation for a new costume for the evening's activities. Then she called her lover, John, at his office and had a long earnest conversation with him, strongly urging some plan.

When her attention again turned to Harold, he was standing submissively waiting further orders, his body naked except for his high-heeled boots, sheer nylon hose, garter belt, and the heavy steel padlock which always encircled his scrotum as a sign of his perpetual slavery and docility.

Even though he would still be required to perform the duties of a maid and servant, Nancy now handed him a long floor-length skirt of brilliant red satin to put on. The waist band encircled him very tightly, giving him a more feminine outline to his body, and the gleaming fabric hung down along his legs in caressing sensuous folds, beneath which the toes of his bizarre boots peeked.

For the upper part of his body she had him wear a see-through blouse of filmy white. His sewed-on breasts thrust outward against the front of this gossamer garment, and their bouncing motions could be clearly seen through the almost transparent material. Nancy had him parade around so she could inspect his appearance, and then had him pose and model his transvestite costume in front

of the big mirror. She touched up his exaggeratedly feminine make-up and coiffure, and had him put several jangly metal bracelets on his right wrist. To his surprise she gave him no panties or bra to wear, and he wondered if she had forgotten these seemingly essential feminine undergarments.

For herself Nancy laid out a truly glamorous hostess-gown of silver brocade, with matching silver slippers, but made no effort to put them on now. She took a warm scented bath, making Harold watch her as she lounged nude and seductive in the foamy water, and then had him dry her with a huge towel. He dusted her whole lush body with fragrant powder, and then had to help her put on a shortie jacket of nearly transparent lace as her only garment, with high heeled mules of matching white color.

Being thus exposed to her superb female contours at such close range made Harold's male member rise to alert attention, bulging out lewdly against the front of his long satin skirt. In a way he was proud that he was still basically man enough to react in this way to her exquisite display of her body, despite her continuing attempts to feminize him by transvestite costumes. But in another way he was ashamed to have her see his carnal excitement, especially when he was sure that she was only teasing him and would not permit him sexual relief in any way.

John, Nancy's lover, was due to arrive soon, and while waiting she had Harold go about the many detailed preparations for the evening meal. She kept glancing at the prominent bulge which kept appearing in the front of Harold's

sleek skirt and finally she said, "Are you being intentionally difficult, Harriet? I'm trying to feminize you and make you as much like a girl as possible, by dressing you in exaggeratedly feminine clothes. And now you seem to be defying me by having that grotesquely masculine bump showing from between your thighs, just as if you were a real man. Will I have to actually chop off your organ now, to keep it from spoiling the effect I want to create in your appearance?"

"Oh, no. Please don't cut it off," begged Harold desperately. "I'm trying to keep it under control, but everything is so sexy and feminine, and I haven't had any sexual relief in so long, that it just keeps sticking out, whether I want it to or not. Please don't amputate it. I'll try to obey you and keep it from showing."

"That's not good enough. But I know how I can fix it," said Nancy, going to the big suit-case of supplies which John had provided the day before. She came back with a fist-size metal object and stood in front of her frightened captive. In a stern angry voice she ordered, "Pull the front of your long skirt up so I can get at your rebellious male organ. Stand still or you may get hurt unintentionally. I'll fix your silly male gadget so it won't stand up and defy me."

With Harold standing motionless in fear, his skirt raised so that his genitals were fully exposed, Nancy crouched down in her near-nakedness before him. With one hand she tested the padlock which imprisoned his scrotum, making sure that it still was securely attached. Then she slipped one end of the device in her hand over the swollen purple

tip of his male shaft, and quickly began tightening a thumb-screw adjustment on it.

For a moment Harold felt a sharply painful compression, and then she stood up, backing away from him,and he felt a heavy dragging sensation on his member. Nancy told him to go look in the mirror, to see what she had done to keep his recurring masculine excitement from spoiling her attempts at transvesticizing his whole appearance.

To his horror Harold saw a metal weight of several pounds securely clamped to his tool, dragging it downward vertically between his thighs. Nancy was standing beside him, explaining that the mechanism would not be excessively painful as long as his shaft did not swell and stiffen within the firm grip of the spiked clamp. The weight would keep his member down out of sight, not bulging out his skirt and ruining his feminine appearance. If his lance should start to swell and stiffen, the toothed clamp would bite agonizingly into his tender flesh as punishment for his disobedience.

Now when he let his long flowing satin skirt drop down around his booted and nyloned legs, Harold saw that there was no sign of any revealing bulge from his groin. The clamp was uncomfortably tight around his member, and the heavy dragging weight kept his tool stretched down till it was nearly at his knees, the tissue under incessant strain. As he walked he could feel the heavy burden swaying with ponderous tension, and he sincerely hoped that the extreme stretching would not pull his member off his body or otherwise incapacitate it for its usual functions, once the punishing ballast was removed.

Just as Harold was trying to get accustomed to this newest painful and humiliating penance being inflicted upon his manhood, John arrived. Seeing Nancy in her very revealing shortie jacket, he immediately swept her into his arms, kissing and caressing her ardently. If she was dressed like this when he arrived, John knew that it meant that she was as eager for sex as he always was. They would have a rewarding bout on the big bed before eating dinner. And maybe another later.

Harold was ordered to serve them drinks while Nancy described in detail all that had happened during her trip with Harold, including all the embarrassing things she had gotten him into, and his terrible fear and shame at being exposed as a boldly lewd girl in public. While they enjoyed their drinks, Harold had to parade around, showing off his transvestite costume in all its exaggerated effeminacy. Then he had to raise his long glamorous skirt and show the heavy weight which now held his penis stretched downward so it would not interfere with the shape of his delightfully feminine skirt.

John was obviously amused at all the punishments that Nancy was meting out to the man who had tried to rape her, but John was much more interested at the moment in taking his mistress to bed so he could enjoy to the utmost her lush girlish charms. But Nancy was even going to use their love-making as a means for tormenting Harold even more for his past crimes.

When John finally led her into the bedroom, Nancy told Harold to follow. Then she ordered him to perform maid-service in undressing John as he got ready to make violent

love to her. As he knelt to remove John's shoes and socks after removing all his other clothing, Harold was acutely aware of having his face close in front of John's firmly erect tool which was already anticipating diving into Nancy's waiting body. It would be the ultimate humiliation, Harold knew, if Nancy were to force him to use his mouth to stimulate a man to ejaculation. That would be too awful to contemplate, but evidently she didn't want that from him.

Now as John climbed excitedly onto the big bed to join his ardent mistress, Nancy ordered Harold to stand at the foot of the bed and watch while she and John made love. She tauntingly told him that if he was a real man and not a faggish transvestite pretending to be a girl, he would enjoy having passionate and inspired sex with a girl, but since his manner of dress proved that he was only half a man at best, he could watch anyway.

Now John and Nancy began to fondle and caress each other's bodies, working themselves up to a high pitch of carnal excitement by this delicious fore-play. John's hands tenderly outlined her whole torso, concentrating on her lush breasts and rounded hips. Then his fingers were gently rubbing over the fur-trimmed gash between her smooth thighs, finally penetrating the warm wet valley that was the focus of her excited womanhood. And all the time Nancy was slowly stroking his rigid lance, keeping it at a fever heat of sexual desire.

Watching the two lovers stimulate each other was wildly thrilling to Harold, in spite of the fact that he knew he was being tempted

with futile hopes and frustrations, since he would be allowed no relief. In spite of himself Harold felt his organ swelling and stiffening. The toothed clamp bit painfully into the flesh of his penis, but even this could not keep that member flaccid, under the excitement of what he was being forced to watch. He glanced down at the source of his torment and was alarmed to see that there was a big bulge in the front of his sleek satin skirt.

His passions had been so arroused that even the heavy dragging weight could not stop his organ from jutting out demandingly. He hoped that Nancy would not see it, for she would be angry and punish him more severely. She would also gloat at what she was making him suffer while she enjoyed herself.

Now John had rolled over and was cradled between her raised and spread knees, his penis buried full-deep within her hungry canal. Harold could not keep himself from watching as their hips began to pound together, pumping them toward ecstasy. Harold could feel his own organ throbbing in mixed excitement and pain, as it thrust out strongly against his skirt, lifting the whole heavy weight of the attached metal anchor which was supposed to be holding it down.

After long moments of increasingly passionate pumping, John and Nancy finally surged together into a wildly active climax of sensual release, and slowly relaxed together in momentary satiation. Now Nancy glanced at Harold and noticed the straining unfeminine bulge in the front of his long satin skirt. Drawing John's attention to this flagrant disobedience on the part of her slave she said that something would have to be done

done about it. The lovers discussed the problem for a moment in whispers, and then Nancy gave the verdict.

"He's so sexed up by what he's been seeing and doing as my slave that he can't controll himself. I won't LET him get relief, especially not in any of the ways he likes. But I'll MAKE him shoot his load, doing it MY way, which I know he won't like," She snuggled up to John and they leaned back against the pillows, staring at the shamed Harold who was standing at the foot of the bed in his exotic transvestite costume, with his tormented tool jutting out against his skirt.

"Pull your skirt way up in front, Slave, so we can see why it doesn't fit properly. That's right. Look how his rigid little dickey is supporting that big weight, and how his balls are cinched by our big padlock. In that costume he sure looks silly, a girl trying to imitate a man, or vice versa. Let's see if he can pretend to be a man. Harriet, you can unscrew that clamp that's digging into your tool. Does that feel better? Well, now we want you to start playing with your dickey. Hold your skirt up with your left hand so we can see what's happening, and jerk yourself off with your right hand while we watch."

Harold stared in disbelief at her superior smile of cruel domination, and then began to obey. His hand started stroking his randy member. Being forced to masturbate while Nancy and John watched gloatingly was the worst humiliation he could imagine. It denied his whole masculine aggressive image, making him childish and effeminate, as his costume portrayed. But he had to obey, so he continued stroking his penis, thinking that the sooner he shot hisload

the sooner this emotional and physical torment would be over.

His member was sore where the toothed clamp had bitten into it, but he had to obey and he was so sexually arroused that any kind of relief would be welcome. His bracelets jingled and rattled, making mocking music to the shaming duty he was performing. Holding his skirt up this way, exposing his genitals, was terribly embarrassing, and doing all this in front of another man, John, made things even worse. His sewed-on breasts jiggled painfully, adding to his torment and emphasizing his enforced transvestism.

Finally, while Nancy and John gloated and giggled at hisunmanly performance, Harold felt his sex-pressure cresting to climax. Then to the accompaniment of his moans of physical and mental anguish, his masturbation brought spouting gobs of thick semen surging forth to smear his jerking hand. His tormentors clapped in amusement at the success of their punishment.

"You've made an awful mess, haven't you, Harriet?" teased Nancy. "So now you can lick your hand clean of that filthy goo you got on it. That's right. How does it taste? As a passionate girl, I'll bet you love it. Now go into the bathroom and clean up your slimey dickey. Then come back so I can put that weight on it again, to keep it from ruining the truly feminine appearance of your skirt."

Next Harold was forced to wash John's genitals, and Nancy's, cleansing them after the superb intercourse they had enjoyed together. Then he had to help them both dress for dinner, Nancy wearing the exotic brocade hostess-gown which she had laid out in r eadiness.

While he was preparing and serving dinner to his captors, Harold was told that there would be a guest arriving soon, and that he, Harold, portraying the role of a sensuous and exhibitionistic girl, was to do his best to keep the guest, named Leslie, entertained. In anything that Leslie wanted, Harold, as Harriet, was to co-operate to the fullest.

Soon after Harold had licked up his dinner from a plate on the floor, the doorbell rang and he was sent to answer it. Leslie was a tall slender young man with dark curly hair, dressed beautifully in the height of current masculine fashion. As he was being led into the living-room Leslie seemed to be studying Harold intensely.

"Helloe, Leslie. It's good of you to come by this evening," greeted John warmly. "This is my friend, Nancy. And this is Harriet, that I told you about."

Leslie greeted Nancy, and John explained that Leslie was a talented artist and designer who often did work for John's company. Then Leslie turned to face Harold, surveying his smooth feminine face with its seductive make-up and wig, his see-through blouse containing the full, pink-tipped breasts clearly visible within the filmy fabric, his slim waist, and the long flowing red satin skirt with only the tips of ultra-high-heeled boots visible beneath it. The ear-rings, bracelets, and bright red nail-polish completed the picture of truly exotic femininity.

With an expression of artistic and emotional rapture on his overly handsome face, Leslie turned to his hosts and said, "He's so perfect in every detail. He's delicious, -

he's sweet enough to eat. Where did you ever find him?"

"We didn't find him. We made him," replied Nancy calmly. "I'm so glad you like him."

Now Leslie's attention went back to Harold who was standing in shocked alarm. The artist stepped closer and quickly kissed Harold on the lips, saying, "You're the loveliest and most seductive TV I've even encountered. You're so excitingly desirable that I almost wish I wasn't gay. But then I wouldn't be so appreciative of the real you, what's under those exquisite feminine clothes, would I?"

Harold's mouth had dropped open in alarmed surprise at what had been revealed about Leslie and his emotional preferences. As this final offense against his manhood, Nancy was now pairing him off with an admitted homosexual. Would there ever be an end to these terrible degradations being inflicted on him?

Now Leslie was inspecting his prize more closely. "Yes, I can feel traces of real masculine whiskers, in spite of your recent close shave. And through your heavenly blouse I can see really masculine contours of shoulders and arms despite your attempts to hide your real sex. Your lips are so red and pautingly passionate, and your rubber titties stick out so realistically with no need for a concealing brassiere. Transvestism must be very important to you heart and soul and your body, Harriet, for you to have gone to such extreme pains to portray this masquerade so perfectly."

"Yes, she's quite different from her original masculine self in many ways," agreed Nancy, trying not to giggle at Harold's evident

shock and distaste for the effeminate man.

"May I inspect the rest of her?" Leslie asked Nancy. "I just know that I'll love what I find when I get to the real nitty-gritty of things, if you know what I mean."

He knelt gracefully before Harold and let his gentle artistic hands glide down over Harold's waist and hips within their sleek satin covering. He gave ardent and appreciative pats to Harold's ass-cheeks, remarking how round and smooth and lovely they were. Now Leslie began raising the hem of Harold's long skirt, gasping with admiring awe when he saw the boots which were so high-heeled that their wearer was actually standing on tiptoe, accentuating the length of his legs.

"How truly exotic and exciting," cooed Leslie, slowly raising the long gleaming skirt higher. "And your sheer nylons fit so perfectly, dear. Here, you hold your skirt and keep lifting it for me. That way I can let my hands as well as my eyes enjoy every delightful detail of your transvestite appearance. It's so exquisitely thrilling to find such divine femininity on a man. A few of my friends dig the transvestite bit, but they are just "closet-queens" who only dare wear their lovely outfits in privacy. I'm thrilled beyond words to find you so perfect in your lovely disguise that you even go outside and appear in public as a girl."

After a warning glance from Nancy, Harold knew he had to go along with this encounter, no matter how much he hated it in every way. In his former life, he had been so virilely masculine that he had only contempt for

any homosexuals he encountered. Simpering, effeminate faggots, that's all they were. And now he was at the mercy of one of these fairies, and forced to do anything required of him with this odd-ball partner. Slowly Harold continued to raise the front of his exaggeratedly feminine skirt.

Now the skirt was high enough to display the whole of Harold's genital area. Leslie gasped at what was revealed. "What is this big weight clamped to your poor dickey? It must hurt you, darling, the way those teeth bite into your precious flesh. But I see why you wear it. It keeps your wonderful member partly swollen all the time, so you're always aware of it and what can be done with it. That's so exciting. And it stretches your dickey out, so it will get longer and longer, day by day. How thrilling."

Leslie was lovingly fondling Harold's organ, making it swell further within the spiked clamp. Now the crouching homosexual loosened the clamp and removed the dangling weight as he said, "I'll take this off your precious tool now, Harriet. I'm sure we won't need it for what we'll be doing together. I know I can find other better ways to keep your lovely dickey long and thick, without any mechanical appliances to help."

As he discarded the weighted clamp Leslie took Harold's half-hard tool gently in one hand and pulled it out and forward. Then he ardently kissed the turgid purple tip and said, "There, doesn't that feel much better, you cute little fellow? And I just know that Harriet and I will find really delicious games to play with you. My dickey is already throb-

bing to meet you. My peter wants to hear from you all about how it feels to wear such exciting feminine clothes. It must be wonderful to be clasped in delicate panties, and filmy pantyhose, and girdles, and all those thrilling skirts and petticoats. He will envy you so, you lucky thing."

Having addressed these poignant words to Harold's rising tool, Leslie now gave his fervent attention to the heavy padlock which permanently encircled Harold's scrotum, cinching his gonads as a symbol of Harold's transvestite slavery. "And this strong tight bond shows how you are pretending to cut off your basic masculinity in order to live to the fullest the Gay life. How exciting and meaningful for you. And for me, too. It's really sort of a wedding-ring, isn't it? In a truly bizarre place, but that makes it all the more significant for our hopes and needs."

Leslie was tenderly cupping Harold's padlocked scrotum with one hand, while he lovingly stroked Harold's penis with the other. Every few seconds he would give an adoring kiss to the end of Harold's organ which kept rising under these stimulations in spite of Harold's masculine horror at such activities.

As John and Nancy were sitting on the sofa watching this performance, they were wildly amused at the way this torment for Harold was developing. His punishment was really working out to fit his crime, by being the worst possible offense to his basic manhood. John's arm was around Nancy and she was cuddled up eagerly against him. With his free hand John was caressing her lush breasts within her revealing brocade hostess-gown. As Leslie played with Harold's genitals, Nancy followed

his lead and was stroking her lover's penis.

Now Leslie led Harold to a large upholstered chair facing the sofa, and sat down, pulling Harold onto his lap. Harold tried to pull his skirt down to hide his partially arroused member, but a glaring threatening silent refusal from Nancy made his hike the gleaming satin upward again so his shame was fully exposed and available for Leslie's further endearments.

Now Leslie began playing with Harold's foam-rubber breasts, and slowly unbuttoned the filmy see-through blouse which was their only covering. As soon as the bulging hemispheres were fully revealed in all their transvetite glory, Leslie toyed sensually with one synthetic globe while ardently sucking the other nipple. Now he thrust Harold slightly away from him so he could visually study these obvious symbols of assumed femininity.

"They're perfectly beautiful, Harriet dear. So large and firm. And so securely attached to your body, almost as if they were real. No padded bras for you. Nothing to come loose and spoil the wonderful illusion of girlishness you have created for your body. Having them sewn on, and wearing them all the time must have hurt you, dear, but considering what it does for your soul and for your charming appearance, I just know that the pain must be delicious. It must hurt so GOOD."

By now John and Nancy were deeply involved with manual stimulations of each other's bodies. Soon they would be enjoying each other carnally in their usual expression of ultimate intimacy on their big bed, but for now they were getting vicarious thrills from

watching Harold being humiliated as the object of Leslie's impassioned homosexuality. It was a perverse thrill, but none the less exciting, as they were discovering.

Now Leslie was holding his transvestite partner in a close embrace in the big chair and smothering him with hot, wet, tongue-probing kisses. The artificially reddened and poutingly swollen lips of Harold's tattooed mouth made him seem wildly passionate and eager for such attentions. Leslie took Harold's hand and led it pleadingly toward the fly of his snug trousers, begging for manual stimulation of his own male genitals. Harold had performed this service once already today at the cocktail lounge, so he knew that pleading with Nancy would offer no escape from this hated duty.

Harold was amazed at the enormous size of the weapon which he freed from Leslie's fly. In alarm Harold wondered if he would be expected to receive this huge stiff member in his mouth or even in the tight sphincter between his buttocks. This would be truly horrible, not only as an emotional violation of his virile manhood, but also as a tearing, splitting assault upon his virgin flesh. And what would he be expected to do to or for Leslie in return?

As they watched Harold and Leslie go through their homosexual ritual, John and Nancy were slowly disrobing each other on the couch, in preparation for a wildly sensual session on the bed. Hands and mouths were busy exciting the partners toward ecastasy. As they achieved total nakedness, Leslie chose to perform similarly with his partner, at least as far as his skirt and blouse. Leaving

the bizarre boots, nylon hose, and feminine garterbelt on Harriet would increase his allure without hiding any useful anatomy.

Leslie rose from the chair and finished stripping off his garments. Then he pressed Harold into a kneeling pose before him, the transvestite's face just inches from Leslie's excitedly rigid penis. Grabbing Harold by his ears, Leslie dragged his face toward the fateful oral contact. In a voice that was hoarse with demanding passionate excitement Leslie gasped, "Kiss me there, Harriet. Suck me, darling. Show me some of the wonderful thrills we'll be having together."

With shame and horror in his heart Harold obeyed, feeling the rigid bar of male gristle thrust deep into his quivering mouth. Then, from the corner of his eye, he saw John and Nancy rise from the couch together and start for the bedroom. Then Nancy's voice gloatingly commanded, "You two come in on the bed with us. We'll all have more fun that way. Each couple can enjoy watching what the other couple does together. We can even take photos of all that goes on between partners. I know Harriet will enjoy having such souvenirs of what she'l be doing tonight here."

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